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NEWS & CLEWS
CAPE COD WINDSURFING ASSOCIATION.
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NEWS & CLEWS

presidents message

Welcome to the Cape Cod Windsurfing Association Newsletter. Here you will find information about windsurfing on Cape Cod as well as different activities past, present, and future of the association as well as other clubs in New England.

A new season is once again upon us, and the CCWA has many great activities and events planned for the upcoming season. We have focused our energies into three basic areas, competition, instruction, and parties. We have added a new event to the calendar this year called the "King of the Cape Pro-Am Freestyle", which is being sponsored by North/F2. This event will be run much like the King of the Lake contest on Lake Garda and will have NO wind minimum. So, the event could have longboard freestyle or shortboard freestyle.

Josh Stone has agreed to come out and compete in the Pro Division. We are still working on getting a few other nationally ranked competitors as well

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including Brian Talma, Sean Ordenez, Chris Wyman, and many others. Keep your eyes to the mailing list for more information about this.

In July we are running a clinic series which is being run by Petra Kanz and Crag Squirrel. The first one is a Women's Clinic where intermediate skills from Beach Starts to cracking your first jibe will be taught. Class size will be small (6 per instructor) so please sign up early. On the following clinic Petra will be giving a clinic for men and women and will focus on beginner through advanced skills depending on students wants and needs. The cost of the Petra Kanz clinics will be \$150 per person for the two day clinics. In addition, Nevin Sayre will be hosting a FREE Kids Windsurfing Camp for ages 6 through 12. We are seeking volunteers to assist us with running the kids camp, so if you are available the weekend of July 10,11, please come on down.

Hope you like our "new look". Yuly Mekler has agreed to accept the position of Newsletter Editor / AD for New&Clews and will handle all issues surrounding the newsletter includ-

ing layout, promotions to offset printing costs, and other miscellaneous duties. Thanks Yuly, I look forward to your creative genius. Be sure to submit any future articles to him or me for inclusion in the next newsletter.

The CCWA has a new mailing list. To subscribe to this mailing list please send an email to ccwa_list-request@four.net with the word "subscribe" in the body of the message. You can also send the word "help" for more information about this list. Once you are subscribed you can send email to ccwa_list@four.net and you will reach all the members of the association. This list is for anything from discussions of upcoming events to anything windsurfing. Any questions on this new benefit please email me with any of your questions.

It is that time of year again so please pay your 1999 season dues with the form on the back page of this newsletter if you haven't done so already. We appreciate your support.

Well, I hope to see you all on the beach soon. The winds are blowing and the waters are warming up. The first major CCWA event on the calendar is the WD-40 Downwind Classic, hope to see y'all there.

Marc Lefebvre

trip reports

My husband Jeremy and I recently came back from our windsurfing trip to the Island of Margarita. Prior to leaving for the trip we were both extremely grumpy from lack of windsurfing. Also, since Jeremy no longer had windsurfing to distract him, he had started spending a lot of money on other toys and our bank account was slowly dwindling. So, to save our marriage and our bank balance we decided it was of utmost importance to plan a windsurfing trip sometime in February.

The hard part was trying to figure out where to go. We wanted to go someplace warm and not too expensive. We had originally planned on going to Costa Rica but the rough waters didn't seem very appealing to me and the six hour drive from the airport to the hotel sounded grueling. We eventually settled on Margarita (an Island off the coast of Venezuela). We traveled with two of our friends, one of whom works for Swiss air and knows all about airlines schedules and rates. He recommended we all travel via American from Boston to Miami and then Aeropostal from Miami to Margarita. The tickets from Boston to Margarita were \$650/per person. We could have saved ourselves \$100 if we had avoided the spring break rush and traveled the following week.

Our flight to Miami was uneventful. We spent the night at a hotel close to the airport. Jeremy's snoring and the excitement of the trip kept me up all night but I was still refreshed in the morning. Our Aeropostal flight was on time and we had exit row seats with plenty of legroom. Steve and Jeremy were also pleased

with the beautiful stewardesses on the flight and gave the airlines definite thumbs up. Our flying time from Miami to Margarita was about three hours.

When we stepped out of the plane it was 86F and blowing about 20 knots. The sun and wind lifted our spirits instantly. We found ourselves running towards immigration and baggage claim so we could get a few hours of sailing in before nightfall. Steve wanted to practice planning ASAP so we would stop calling him "Slogger". I have always managed to beat Steve on the water at Kalmus and he had blamed light winds for his slogging in the past. He wanted us to reverse his title from "Slogger" to "Speedy" after the Margarita trip and was ready to head to the beach.

Waiting for our baggage was excruciating for all three of us since it took about half an hour. Once we got our bags we managed to clear customs pretty quickly and went out to hail a cab. A cab ride from Margarita to Casa Viento (place where we were staying) should have only cost \$10 but the cab driver demanded \$50. Jeremy was the only one who could speak semi fluent Spanish and negotiated a better deal with the sleazy cab driver who finally came down to \$15. During our ride to the Hotel we got a glimpse of the Island, which is basically a desert with lots of Palm trees and unfinished buildings. There were some mountains in the background but apart from a few trees the Island was pretty much barren.

Once we got to Casa Viento we dumped our luggage in our rooms and headed straight to Happy Center, windsurfing rental place. We didn't have a chance to check out our living quarters. Happy Center only has North Sails and F2 boards. The instructor and Manager of the center was from Holland and very handsome which made me instantly decide on taking lessons. By the time we got to the beach it was blowing around 15 knots and we all had to go out on relatively big sails. Jeremy

was complaining about not bringing his 9.3 Z1 and Tommen 305. In fact, he complained about missing his equipment everyday. We were also told that there had been no wind and heavy rains the past couple of days and the wind was still not back to normal. I went out on a 6.3 Volcano (no cams) and a 282 Axis and had a great time. Jeremy complained that the sails were too heavy and he wasn't planning. Steve planed a little but not enough to earn the title of "Speedy".

We were all beat after two hours of windsurfing and headed back to Casa Viento with a block of cheese, some beers and diet coke. We headed straight to the top deck of our building and enjoyed the sunset and the breeze while consuming cheese and crackers. In fact, heading straight to the deck and consuming cheese and drinks on the deck under the stars became a regular ritual for us.

Casa Viento had some good rooms with a small fridge, ceiling fan and good cotton sheets. It never really got that hot at night so we didn't miss air conditioning. We were asked not to flush the toilet paper down the toilet so I had to make sure never to go to the bathroom after Jeremy had used it. The shower didn't have a lot of water pressure but the rooms were cleaned everyday, which was great. I recommend Casa Viento and would stay there again when I go back. Breakfast was served everyday on the deck and consisted of fresh papaya, pine apple, mangoes and bananas. They also had white bread with tomatoes and cheese. I saw Jeremy's appetite more than double before the end of the trip.

We would all wake up by 8 AM, eat breakfast and start sailing by 10 AM. There were about 150 windsurfers in the water every afternoon and dodging around water starters and sailors who didn't have any concept of right of way

became challenging. Some of our friends actually got run over by sailors from behind and, needless to say were traumatized by the whole experience. We always tried to sail either early during the day or late in the evening just to avoid the crowds. Jeremy and our other friend Mark couldn't stand the crowds so both of them went out for miles to find empty terrain.

I took some jibing lessons and perfected my forward dismount while admiring the handsome instructor. Steve perfected his double-handed slogging/half planning position. Jeremy took a few lessons and managed to make some graceful carves but, looked like an elephant on stilts when he tried the sail flip. Mark was pretty good but, not as graceful as the handsome instructor, Robert.

The wind in Margarita was always around 15-25 knots and was extremely gusty. In fact, most of the time the wind would go from 5 knots to 25 knots and back to 5 knots within 5 minutes making us extremely frustrated. Steve did manage to plane about 85% of the time so we promised to call him "Speedy" and initiated his new name with a titty twister.

The biggest decision we had to make everyday after 6 hours of windsurfing was where to fill our insatiable appetite. There are quite a few good restaurants around the windsurfing area serving anything from local to Italian food. We spend about \$10-\$15/ per person on dinner. We were paranoid about ordering salad because we were told to be careful of the water or anything washed with non-filtered water at the Island. We asked all the restaurants we ate at if they used "Aqua Mineral" to wash salad and later, after consuming a ton of salad, found out that none of them used "Aqua Mineral". All restaurants use a mixture of vinegar and "Non Aqua Mineral" for washing salad.

Our last day in Margarita was pretty light and we couldn't sail much that morning. Our friend Mark was staying two extra days and wasn't as grumpy as we were about leaving. We had managed to have a great time without cell phone, computers, televisions and newspapers and now it was time to face reality again. On the flight home all we could think about was spending every summer weekend sailing with our friends at Kalmus.

by: Farhana Stevenson

sailing Margarita

When I first moved to Massachusetts two and a half years ago, heralding from mild-weathered California by way of Pennsylvania, to start my first job, one of my goals was to get back into windsurfing.

It had been more than two years since I last windsurfed, and I was excited about doing it again. I didn't actually start windsurfing until the following year, when everything settled down and I fell into the groove of the professional world. And because I became a paid working stiff, I could actually afford to buy my own equipment, rather than borrowing from the club and contending with other people for usage time, which was what I did when I first started windsurfing through the Cal Sailing Club at the Berkeley Marina. It didn't take me long to get reacquainted with windsurfing as I knew it, since I had very little skill to begin with. But I was set on improving my sailboarding aptitude, and tried to get as much sailing time a working stiff with poor time management skill could possibly get. I sailed as much as I could throughout the summer, and continued to into the Fall. One Thursday afternoon in October, I gave in to an overwhelming urge to go windsurfing, no doubt moved by the sunny, gor-

geous weather with temperature in the unseasonal low 70's (the prior day was an even more unseasonal 85!). I told my boss I wasn't feeling well, feigning a slight case of food poison, and left somewhat guiltily. Having checked with Wind Hot Line before hand (SW, 15-20mph), I loaded my car and headed down I495.

Arriving at Kalmus at around one thirty, the wind was cranking expectedly, and I stepped out of my car with a self-satisfied grin on my face, happy at the prospect of frolicking in the sun. I rigged up my sail, changed into my swim trunk, and as it was warm and balmy I decided wearing a wetsuit wasn't necessary. Out of the blues a friendly old man walked by, accosted me, and we exchanged pleasantries. It was the middle of October and seeing me attired in masculine summer beach outfit, he asked me if I was going to put on a wetsuit before entering the water, and I replied

"No, it's warm enough."

"The water is chilly," he said.

"But bearable."

"I like the way you said that. You are young and vigorous."

"Thank you."

"How old are you? Twenty five?"

"Good guess!"

desperate to learn

by: James F. Tau

After that I bade him good afternoon and went on my way to the beach. The old man turned out to be absolutely right, the water was chilly. But not wanting to appear the fool and running back to put on my wetsuit I put up with the cold to which I soon acclimated. So I was right too, it was chilly but bearable, for now. I had been practicing water-starting for a while now and achieved no more success than when I first started. I decided to begin my afternoon by water-starting, who knows, I thought, perhaps in the interim my subconscious had solved the coordination problem. Unfortunately, no matter how hard I tried, how well I flew the sail, I hard I kicked with the other foot, I could not be lifted up and stay up. The tip kept changing course in the process. I got frustrated at my abortive attempts and, taking the easy way out, uphaled and was on my way. For a short while the wind was blowing really strongly, stronger than any condition I've sailed in in the past. For the first time I was going faster than I have ever gone, and, needless to say, I did not keep going at that speed for very long. I got over powered and sling-shot overboard countless times, but unlike land sports, this kind of mistakes were completely innocuous, and in some masochistic way, I was utterly pumped up by it. After an hour or so I decided it was becoming unbearably chilly in the water, especially when I dried off after sailing for a while and then got suddenly thrown into the water, so I started to go back to shore to put on my wetsuit. I guess I was still young but not as vigorous as I was praised to be. At

this point the wind began to wane. At first I thought snobbishly, fueled by the adrenaline rush I experienced just now, that there was no real need for me to put on a wetsuit because the wind had decreased to such a degree that it became no longer worthwhile to be out on the water so I might as well pack up and leave. But feeling somewhat unsatisfied, I stayed out in the decreased wind anyway. I decided to venture farther out where I surmised might have stronger wind. But when I got there it was obvious that my guess was wrong. And this was when the wind stopped blowing entirely. I spent the next hour and an half sailing back, more struggling and paddling than sailing, catching the occasional gusts, weak ones at that. By the time I got to shore it was already 5:30pm and I started to put my gears away. At this point I noticed that my sail had torn, and that my mast had cracked. The first did not cause me any problem to put away, except for some mild annoyance, but the latter was a headache. Because of the crack I could not disassemble it and fit it in my car. I spent the next hour tying the 14-foot pole to my roof rack securely enough so that I could be sure it would not fall off while I'm speeding down the highway with a 14-foot pole extending beyond the length of my car at both ends.

At some point in my makeshift pole-stabilizing rigmarole I looked toward the ocean, having pretty much not paid attention to it since I was faced with this problem, and I was instantly smitten by the most phenomenal beach sunset I've ever seen in my life. It was so impressive that I consciously made an effort to remember the beauty of this scene for subsequent verbalization: to the west the sun had just fallen below the horizon and in the perceivable vicinity of where it must be beyond that the sky was the usual shade of orange, smearing into pale blue high above which was pristine and untarnished by even a cirrus cloud. Panning to the left across the south the color orange gradually faded into the same pale blue that was above where the sun set. Looking up at this point the waxing gibbous moon was already apparent. Turning to the east the pale blue got darker and more orange higher up, a reversal of the western color pattern. What's even more remarkable was the hues of the water, the reflection of the sky. Close to shore it was a light cream color, forming semi-circular patches along the beach, and abruptly turning into a wan cerulean color that stretched all the way out into the ocean. There was a light land breeze, the remnant of the strong wind earlier in the afternoon, and a few mortals admiring this other-worldly, ephemeral, no doubt recurring, natural wonder.

If there was any regret about coming down on a work-day and getting barely enough sailable wind, it became entirely irrelevant. This glimpse of the most beautiful of all beach sunsets has given this extemporaneous trip a new meaning which far surpassed the quotidian satisfaction of an adventurous urge.

By James F. Tau

upcoming events

May 1 :

CCWA Swap Meet: Come to Kalmus Beach on Saturday for the swap meet between 10:00am and 3:00pm. For more information please email or call the CCWA.

May 1 :

CCWA Membership Meeting: This meeting will be held at Marc Lefebvre's house down the street from Kalmus Beach. We will have pizza available. Please BYOB if you want it. For more information call Marc at: (508)862-3282.

May 15, 16:

WD-40 Downwind Classic: For more information about this event please check out web site or email the race director: Skip Dennis at: Xtrsports@aol.com, or call the CCWA at: (508)778-7105.

May 15:

WD-40 Fiberspar Fiesta: This is the after race party for the WD-40 Downwind Classic. You don't have to race to attend this fun event which includes food, music, and fun. For more information about this event please email Skip Dennis at: Xtrsports@aol.com, or call the CCWA at: (508)778-7105.

May 20-23:

Black Dog Windsurfing Pro-Am: Come see the pros in action or try out the racing on Marthas Vineyard. For more information about this event please call Amy at: (508)693-9223.

June 5, 6:

King of the Cape Pro-Am Freestyle: This inaugural event is being held at West Dennis Beach and is open to Pros, Amateur, and Novice freestylers. For more information about this event please email the CCWA at ccwa@ultranet.com, or call us at: (508)778-7105.

June 13:

Buzzards Bay Crossing: This historic event is on again. For more information about this event please contact Jim at: (617)661-7702.

'99 CCWA officers

president:	Marc Lefebvre / lefebvre@ultranet.com
vice-president:	Skip Dennis / xtrsports@aol.com
treasurer:	Marc Lefebvre / lefebvre@ultranet.com
public relations:	Ann Phelan / phelana@ultranet.com
newsletter:	Yuly Mekler / yuly_mekler@lotus.com

The CCWA will be organizing trips to attend the events listed on the calendar of events. If you are interested in attending any of the events on our calendar, please get a hold of us as soon as you know. The more people that can go, the more fun, and the lower the cost.

- April 17-24
CCWA Cape Hatteras Trip, Avon, NC
- April 29-May2
US Sailing Instructor Certification Course, Boston, MA
- May 1:
CCWA Swap Meet, Kalmus Beach, Hyannis, M
CCWA Membership Meeting, Hyannis, MA
- May 15, 16
WD40 Downwind Classic, West Dennis, MA
- May 15
WD-40 Fiberspar Fiesta Sundancers Caribbean Beach Bar & Grill, West Dennis, MA
- May 15
1998 CCWA Season Kick Off Party Sundancers Caribbean Beach Bar & Grill, West Dennis, MA
- May 20-23
Black Dog Windsurfing Pro-Am, Martha's Vineyard, MA
- May 27-31
US Open, Corpus, Tx
- June 5, 6
F2/North "King of the Cape" Freestyle Contest, Hyannis, MA
- June 13
Buzzards Bay Crossing, Falmouth, MA
- June 26, 27
17th Annual Lake George Championships, Hague, NY
- July 10, 11:
Nevin Sayre FREE Kids Windsurfing Camp, Hyannis, MA
- July 10, 11
Cape Cod Kids Windsurfing Camp (Free), Hyannis, MA
- July 3, 4:
Petra Kanz Women's Windsurfing Clinic, Hyannis, MA
- July 19-24
US Nationals, San Francisco, CA
- July 25-31
CCWA Maui Trip, Maui, HI
- August 7
CCWA Membership Meeting, Hyannis, MA
1999 CCWA Cook-Off Party, Hyannis, MA
- August 14, 15
Martha's Vineyard Crossing, Falmouth, MA
- Sep 4, 5
Cape Cod Windsurfing Series Race #1, Hyannis, MA
- Sep 11, 12
Cape Cod Windsurfing Series Race #2, Hyannis, MA
- Sep 18, 19
Martha's Vineyard Windsurfing Challenge, Martha's Vineyard, MA
- Sep 24-26
AWIA Trade Show, Miami, FL
- Oct 2, 3
Cape Cod Windsurfing Series Race #3, Hyannis, MA
- Oct 9, 10
Cape Cod Windsurfing Series Race #4, Hyannis, MA
- Oct 11-16
CCWA Hatteras Windsurfing Trip, Rodanthe, NC
- Oct 11-16
Hatteras Island Windsurfing Championships, Rodanthe, NC
- Oct 23
CCWA Reggae Party, Pufferbellies, Hyannis, MA

CCWA End of the Season Banquet, Hyannis, MA
- Dec 25- Jan 1
CCWA New Years Trip/Party, Caribbean

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In order for us to complete your application for membership please send a check or money order in the amount of \$40 for individual membership or \$60 for family membership to:			Cape Cod Windsurfing Association 500 Ocean Street, Suite 149 Hyannis, MA 02601	